rench's International Co yrighted (in England, her Colonies, and the United States) Edition of the Works of the Best Authors.

PS
3367
.W6
1909

No. 173.

WOMAN'S WILES

A Play in One Act

BY

WILLIAM YOUNG

AUTHOR OF "BEN HUR," "THE RAJAH," ETC.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY WILLIAM YOUNG

All Rights Reserved

CAUTION:—All persons are hereby warned that "Woman's Wiles" being fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States, is subject to royalty, and any one presenting the play without the consent of the author or his authorized agent, will be liable to the penalties by law provided. Application for stage rights must be made to Samuel French, 24 West 22nd Street, New York City.

PRICE, 25 CENTS.

LONDON
SAMUEL FRENCH, LTD
26 SOUTHAMPTON STREET
STRAND

NEW YORK
SAMUEL FRENCH
PUBLISHER
26 W. 22D STREET

Class PS3367
Book .W6
1909
Copyright No.

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

16009.

WOMAN'S WILES

A Play in One Act

BY

WILLIAM YOUNG

AUTHOR OF "BEN HUR," "THE RAJAH," ETC.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY WILLIAM YOUNG

CAUTION:—All persons are hereby warned that "A Woman's Wiles," being fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States, is subject to royalty, and any one presenting the play without the consent of the author or his authorized agent, will be liable to the penalties by law provided. Application for stage rights must be made to Samuel French, 24 West 22nd Street, New York City.

All Rights Reserved

NEW YORK
SAMUEL FRENCH
PUBLISHER
26 WEST 22D STREET

LONDON
SAMUEL FRENCH, LTD.
26 SOUTHAMPTON STREET,
STRAND

PS3367
.W6
1909

CHARACTERS.

ZAIDE, ... A young Algerian wife.
ABDALLAH, ... An elderly Algerian husband.
THE WISE MAN, ... A tourist.

©Cl.D 17376

WOMAN'S WILES.

SCENE.—Algiers.

TIME. The present.

SCENE.—*Apartment in a house in Algiers. Furniture and furnishings Moorish. Rugs, divans, etc. Doorway, curtained* C., *in flat. Another* L. 2. *Latticed window,* R. 2. *Divan,* L. C. *Small stand, with flask, and drinking vessels,* R. 1. *Scimitar on wall,* L. 1. *Large chest, of Oriental workmanship, up* R. C. *On the chest, a woman's veil and mantle—the veil being more properly a mask, covering the lower part of the face, up to the eyes.*

ABDALLAH (*without, calling, at curtain*) Cassim! Lazy dog! Where is your mistress? Cassim! Is my house deserted?

(*Enter* ABDALLAH L. 2., *in his hand a book. He looks about him and calls.*)

Zaide! Ah! she is not far. Here is her veil. (*He picks it up*) She has just returned from the baths; and now she is in her bower. She is tinting her little nails with henna, and making her eyes brilliant with kohl. How true it is! (*Reads, from book*) "When woman is not engaged in conquest, she is putting on her armor—or taking it off." What a fortunate thing that I found this book! "Abdallah," they said to me—all my friends—"old fool, Abdallah!—you at

forty-five, to take a young wife! She will use you as the slipper on her foot. She will dupe you. She will scatter your money, as the simoon scatters the sands." And it would all have come to pass—if I had not, by chance, stopped to chat with the bookseller, and found this. Now we shall see. (*Sits on divan* R. C. *and studies book, chuckling*)

(*Enter* ZAIDE, *door* C. *in flat. She stands for an instant in doorway, holding apart the curtains. She is dressed gorgeously, after the fashion of the harem.*)

ZAIDE. Light of my life!

ABD. (*looking up*). Ah! Zaide!

ZAIDE (*approaching him*). What have you there?

ABD. A book.

ZAIDE. Put it away.

ABD. And why?

ZAIDE. Because—I am here.

(*She throws herself down on divan beside him, and puts an arm about his neck.*)

ABD. A good reason, truly! Zaide, you are beautiful.

ZAIDE. Say that with your eyes.

ABD. But why are you always adorning yourself? Why do you seek to improve upon Allah?

ZAIDE. Is it not pleasing to my lord? For what do I live, but to be beautiful in his sight?

ABD. (*aside*). Ah! That is the way they begin. But tell me—where have you been to-day?

ZAIDE. Where? Nowhere, To the baths.

ABD. And whom did you see there?

ZAIDE. Oh!—so many!

ABD. They chatted and chattered, as usual? And of what did they talk?

ZAIDE. They were wives. Of what should they have talked, but of their husbands?

ABD. Eh? There was no mention of lovers?

ZAIDE. Lovers and husbands—are they not the same?

ABD. Umph! Perhaps—sometimes. (*Glancing at book*)

ZAIDE. Why do you say that? And why do you look at the book?

ABD. No matter. You talked of us. We suffered, then?

ZAIDE. How little Abdallah knows of women! Would one woman dispraise her husband to another?

ABD. Eh? H'm! That sounds well. Then you praised us? And what did you say of *me?* (ZAIDE, *looking at him, after a pause. drops her eyes*) What? Nothing? *You*, only, could find nothing to say of your husband?

ZAIDE. Does Abdallah need praise? Does not everyone know him? When he walks abroad, do they not all look through their lattices, and envy me? Let them talk. *I* am the wife of Abdallah. (*Embracing him*)

ABD. (*aside*). Eh? Eh? It is coming. You are happy, then? (*She renews her embrace*) You are content? Quite content? There is nothing you wish for? (*She glances at him—then suddenly drops her eyes, and sighs*) But you sigh.

ZAIDE. I was thinking.

ABD. Of what?

ZAIDE. Of the wife of Rustem. She was boasting to-day. She said, "My husband is the most wealthy, the most generous man in Algiers. See! He has given me this great gold chain. There is not, in all Algiers, another so costly—so beautiful."

ABD. Well?

ZAIDE. Well, it was a lie. There is another, far more beautiful, in the shop of Jansi, the goldsmith—longer, by half; and with carving—Oh, so fine!

ABD. And you would like it?

ZAIDE. Only if Abdallah would like me to wear it—to silence that boasting wife of Rustem.

ABD. (*laughing*). Ah! ha! ha!

ZAIDE. But why do you laugh?

ABD. Because it is all so true. Listen! (*Reads, from book*) "When the bride of more than a month caresses and flatters her lord, let him look to his purse-strings, for she has designs upon them." Ha! ha!

ZAIDE. Wicked book! (*Snatching it from his hand, and rising*) Where did you get it? What is it? (*Examining it*)

ABD. Ah! You will not read it. It is written in Frankish. But, it is not a "wicked" book. On the contrary, it is a very good book—and to husbands, a useful book. It is called "Woman's Wiles." (*Pointing to title*)

ZAIDE (*looking at him—after brief pause, contemptuously*). Humph!

ABD. But, you think there is no man wise enough to understand you? Well. you see there is one—or has been. He has written it all down here—all the wiles that women have used, from the beginning of time. And, of course, it is not likely, now, that any new ones will be invented. So you see, whenever you try to deceive me——(ZAIDE *petulantly casts away book. Sits on divan*, R. C., *and looks down, with frowning brows.* ABDALLAH *picks up book*) *laughing*) But the book does not interest you. It is of the chain that you are thinking. Come, then—I will make a compact with you. Among the Franks there is a game called "Diadeste." Two people agree that whichever accepts anything from the other, must at once say "Diadeste." You hear?

ZAIDE (*half sullen half curious*). "Diadeste"! What does that mean?

ABD. I do not know. It is a word. But, if the one who accepts does not say it, then the giver may claim a forfeit,—and may choose what it shall be. You understand?

ZAIDE (*sullenly*). No!

ABD. It is very simple. Observe! If you and I play at this game, and I accept anything from you, and do not say "Diadeste"—the chain is yours.

ZAIDE (*interested*). If you accept anything from me?

ABD. Anything whatever—and do not say "Diadeste"—

ZAIDE (*springing up*). It is agreed.

ABD. Very good! And now, Zaide, I am going in search of a new servant. That worthless Cassim is never at his

post. The door stands open ; and the infidel dogs, who are always prowling about, might walk in from the street.

ZAIDE (*filling glass, from flask at stand*). But Abdallah will sip a cordial before he goes ?

ABD. Willingly.

ZAIDE (*offering glass*). That his walk may not weary him.

ABD. (*taking the glass*). How kind ! "Diadeste." Ha ! ha !

ZAIDE (*petulantly*). Ugh ! How silly ! (ABDALLAH, *shaking with laughter at her discomfiture, drinks the cordial*). You thought I would try to catch you so soon. No ! I shall wait—till to-morrow—or perhaps till long after—till you have forgotten.

ABD. Oh, you will catch me. It is very easy. Lay your plans, then—till I return. (*Going*)

ZAIDE. No ! I shall not think of it. I shall think of you.

ABD. Ah ?

ZAIDE (*embracing and kissing him*). Allah be with you !

ABD. "Diadeste !"

ZAIDE. Oh ! (*Turning with exclamation of angry disappointment*)

ABD. (*laughing boisterously*). Ha ! ha ! ha !

ZAIDE. And you must say that, every time I kiss you ?

ABD. As if you did not know ! Ah ! you thought it a new trick. But listen——(*Reads from book*) "Whereupon Fastrada gave him a kiss, and the great Charlemagne, not reckoning a kiss as anything——"

ZAIDE (*snatching the book from his hand*). Hateful book !

ABD. Yes—she caught him, as you would have caught me. But you see—you can think of nothing that is not set down there. (*Tapping the book in her hand*) It is complete. It is perfect.

ZAIDE (*putting the book behind her*). You shall not have it again.

ABD. Come ! It is of no use to you. You cannot read it.

ZAIDE. I will burn it.

ABD. No, no! I forbid it. Besides, I could get another. Give it me.

ZAIDE. You would only say "Diadeste."

ABD. It is likely. (*Holding out his hand for the book*)

ZAIDE (*still holding it behind her*). No!

ABD, Very well, then! See what you can make of it. But do not dare to destroy it. I shall not be long.

(*Exit*, L. 2.—*pausing for a moment in doorway, and grinning at her.*)

ZAIDE (*inspecting the book*). Achmet might read it to me. But he would tell Abdallah. There are many Franks in the street. Any of them could read it. (*Goes to window, and looks out*) There is one, now! He is a traveller. He has a veil about his hat. How stupid! And he holds glasses to his eyes. He is looking at something. (*Suddenly steps back from window*) It was at me. But, of course, I could not speak to him. (*Peers out again, cautiously*) He is gone. (*With sudden resolve*) I will go to Achmet. Let him tell Abdallah if he likes. (*Putting on veil and mantle*) And if Achmet is not at home, I will go to the letter-writer. At least, I shall know——

(*Enter*, L. 2., *the* WISE MAN—*garbed as a modern tourist.* ZAIDE *recoils*, R.)

WISE MAN. Ah! my beautiful one! For that you *are* beautiful, I have already had proof. And why do you veil yourself now? All stratagems are vain with me.

ZAIDE. Why do you come here?

WISE MAN. Because you wished me to come. Or, why did you tell me so, when you looked at me from the window!

ZAIDE. I looked at you but once.

WISE MAN. Once is enough—to him who understands. Come! I will be plain with you. I am not a gallant. I am a philosopher. I have answered your signals, because to me a mystery is something to be investigated. If it is love you wish—no! You must look elsewhere. But, if in any other respect I can serve you—Well?

ZAIDE (*after an instant of hesitation*). Yes—you *may* serve me, Effendi. Read this to me. (*Offers book*)

WISE MAN. What? All of it? (*Taking book*) Eh? Shades of the immortals! Where did you get this?

ZAIDE. It is my husband's.

WISE MAN (*with a quick glance about him*). Ah! Then, you have a husband?

ZAIDE. He is not here, Effendi.

WISE MAN. I had assumed as much. But this! (*Again gazing on the book*) That I should find it here!

ZAIDE. I cannot read it, Effendi—I am so very ignorant. But you can read it—can you not?

WISE MAN. Well, it is to be hoped so—since it was I who wrote it.

ZAIDE. YOU?

WISE MAN (*holding the book aloft*). My master work! My elucidation of the mystery of mysteries—woman! Slighted by the critics of Christendom! And now I meet with it, in an Arab harem!

ZAIDE. How strange!

WISE MAN. "Strange?" It is astounding. It is fame.

ZAIDE. But it is true, Effendi, that it contains them all?

WISE MAN. All? All what? Ah! (*Glancing at the title*) All the wiles of woman? Well, if there is one that has escaped me, I would give something handsome to discover it.

ZAIDE (*wonderingly*). How very wise you must be!

WISE MAN. Oh, so, so!

ZAIDE. How many women you must have known.

WISE MAN. A goodly number!

ZAIDE. And loved!

WISE MAN. "Loved?" Ah, no! The man who loves, learns nothing of women. It is only he, who is loved. (*Bowing, and touching himself on the breast*)

ZAIDE. Ah! Then you will read it to me—will you not? And if we have not time for it all, you will read me, at least——(*Pauses—hesitates*)

WISE MAN. Well? Tell me—what is it that you particularly wish to know?

ZAIDE. How I may win my husband.

WISE MAN. So! Then he neglects you? He beats you, perhaps? (ZAIDE *tosses her head scornfully*) No! By the toss of your head, he would not be wise to attempt that. He loves another? (ZAIDE *contemptuously shrugs her shoulders*) You shrug your shoulders. You have no fear of a rival. Let me guess but once more. He refuses you gifts. (ZAIDE'S *head drops on her bosom*) Ah! yes! It is the first symptom. But what wiles have you tried? You should have some of your own. And there are charms, which are wiles in themselves. Your face, for example—it seemed to me attractive. But, it is true, I had only a glimpse. Perhaps upon closer inspection——(*Fixes glass in his eye, and regards her expectantly*)

ZAIDE (*after a slight pause*). Yes—you were mistaken, Effendi. I am not beautiful. It is for that reason I ask you to help me. (*Suddenly unveiling, and bending her face toward him*)

WISE MAN. Ah! as my first glance told me. Dazzling! And if you had not been sure of the effect you would never have tried this wile upon me. But come—it is clever—but it is ancient. Cleopatra practised that upon Cæsar. And besides, the face is not all. One may have charming features, yet if grace of form be lacking—or even with grace of form, if there be not that subtle indescribable something, in air, carriage, manners, dress. (ZAIDE *suddenly casts off her mantle. The* WISE MAN *recoils in admiration*) Ah! Superb! And your husband neglects you? It must be that he is blase—like myself.

ZAIDE. And what is it to be blase, Effendi?

WISE MAN. Humph. (*Shaking his head and smiling sadly*) It is to have seen everything—to have experienced everything—and to take an interest in nothing.—Except perhaps an occasional seeming mystery—and as soon as that is solved, to lose interest also in that. (ZAIDE *suddenly*

whirls, turning her back upon him, and stands for a moment in an attitude of angry impatience—her hands thrown up behind her head) Yes—I am not complimentary. I am no gallant—as I have told you. (*Glancing at her admiringly*) Eh? What a pose! But it is best to speak the truth. I confess, I am no longer susceptible. Not even beauty in distress can move me now. I am hardened—I am proof—I—(ZAIDE *with quick movement, and gesture of mingled petulance and scorn, throws herself on divan*) Dian! What grace! What scornful abandon! It is sad—to think that such loveliness exists, and that there are men like your husband, and myself, to whom it is all—(*Breaking off with blase gesture.* ZAIDE *tossing on divan, kicks off her slipper*) Venus! What a foot! Fresh from the foam! H'm! Shall I put on your slipper, little one? (*He approaches, and kneels to pick up slipper*)

ZAIDE (*sharply. Rising to a sitting posture*). No! (*Thrusts her foot again into her slipper*)

WISE MAN. No? (*Rising and turning away*) Ah, well—But if I were *not* blase——

ZAIDE. And that is all that you can tell me? You can teach me nothing, Effendi?

WISE MAN. Well—as a last resort—there are the wiles that appeal to the intellect. The women of the Western world are very skilled in these. When man will no longer talk to them of love, they talk to him of philosophy—of soul-culture—of anything, in fact, to which he will listen. It is very effective—sometimes.

ZAIDE (*rising*). And what should I know of such things? I see, Effendi—you cannot help me—even you, with all your wisdom. Go then, and take your book with you. After all I shall live. Allah is good—and what is to be will be. (*Sings and dances, to a slow measure, accompanying herself with the chiming of little bells, which hang from her bracelets*)

Nothing I know of the wisdom of men, or the Magi.
Dull to my ears are the dronings of Hazfi, and Hadji.

Only a woman am I—and so love me, or leave me!
Allah is good. There are birds in the gardens of Na'im.

(*Ceasing to sing, she continues to dance, to the same slow measure, and the accompaniment of the little bells.*)

WISE MAN (*regarding her, with growing admiration—aside*). It is foolish. The trick is old. Salome danced before Herod. It is old—but by Heaven! It is entrancing. (*Suddenly springing forward, he catches her about the waist*) Exquisite, adorable creature!

ZAIDE (*struggling to free herself*). Oh! Oh! Effendi! But you said that you were proof.

WISE MAN. And so I am—against the "grand passion." Proof, impregnable! But for a turn with Terpsichore—a pas de deux—come! (*Attempts to dance with her*)

ABD. (*calling, without*). Cassim!

ZAIDE (*freeing herself*). Ah! Hush!

ABD. (*without*). Gone! Again! And the door open!

ZAIDE. It is my husband.

WISE MAN (*alarmed*). The deuce!

ZAIDE (*running to door* L. 2, *and listening*). He is coming up the stairway.

WISE MAN. But there is another?

ZAIDE. No!

WISE MAN. No other stairway! (*Rushes to window, and looks out*) And the window thirty feet from the ground! Heavens! What a predicament!

ABD. (*without—loudly*). Eh? What? Jansi! You here?

WISE MAN. He has met some one.

ZAIDE (*herself listening anxiously*). Listen!

WISE MAN. But of what use to listen? In another minute he may meet me.

ABD. (*without—his voice still rising*). What? She told you to bring it? Wretch! You are in collusion with her. It is a scheme to rob me.

ZAIDE (*wringing her hands*). Yes—he will soon be here. And he is already angry. He is terrible, Effendi.

WISE MAN. But don't tell me that! Get me out of this, woman! For there must be a way. Don't say there isn't. (*Turning, and ranging about the apartment, in wild alarm.* ZAIDE *clasps her hands, and looks up hopelessly.*) Then hide me—somewhere—anywhere! Here! (*Dashing toward door* C., *in flight.*)

ZAIDE. No! (*Running to chest, up* R. C., *she throws up the lid, and points to the interior.*) Look! It is your only chance.

WISE MAN (*aghast*). What? In there? But I shall be suffocated.

ZAIDE (*with shrug*). As you choose.

WISE MAN (*with groan—getting into chest*). Oh! What a situation.

ZAIDE. Quick! Lie down! Be silent. (*She closes the chest on him, and locks it, taking out and retaining the large Oriental key.*)

WISE MAN (*inside the chest*). Eh? But stop! You are locking it.

ZAIDE. It is for your safety. Listen! can you hear me?

WISE MAN. Yes.

ZAIDE. Be silent, then—whatever you may hear. (*She walks quickly to* R., *front, turns, facing door, and stands with folded arms, and gloomy knitted brows.*)

ABD. (*shouting—without*). Five hundred francs, indeed! Wait for me. I'll teach her.

(*Enter,* ABD. *door* L. 2.—*carrying a long, gold chain, which he displays to* ZAIDE.)

Look! What does this mean? Whom do you think I found at the door? But you know, only too well. It was Jansi, the goldsmith—with this in his hand. And what do you think he told me? That you had ordered it, and had said that I would pay for it. Well, I will *not* pay for it, do you hear? Unless you win it, in the way I told you of—and that you will hardly do, I fancy. Eh? I am up to your games. (*Laying his finger beside his nose.*)

ZAIDE (*solemnly and sternly*). And do you think of

nothing but your gold, Abdallah? Much you care for the wife of your bosom! Much, for the honor of your house.

ABD. Eh? The honor of my house?

ZAIDE. Did you not leave me—alone—with the doors standing open?

ABD. What? There has been someone here. (*She unfolds her arms in a sweeping gesture of assent, and casts down her eyes*) An infidel? A man? (*She clasps her hands and looks upward in confusion. Glancing wildly about him, and thrusting the chain into his girdle, he continues :—*) By the beard of the Prophet! But you called for help?

ZAIDE. To whom? Who was there to answer?

ABD. But you ordered him away? You frightened him? You got rid of him?

ZAIDE. And think you there is a woman who could so outwit *him* who wrote this book? (*Pointing to the book on floor*)

ABD. *He—he* has been here!

ZAIDE. It is the judgment of Allah, upon you. You brought the book. He followed.

ABD. (*groaning*). Jahannam! And he dared to make love to you?

ZAIDE (*approaching him*). His arm was about my waist, Abdallah. His lips were close to mine.

ABD. Miserable woman! You tell me this? And he is gone. He has escaped!

ZAIDE (*with dramatic force*). No! He has not escaped.

ABD. Eh?

ZAIDE. Wise though he is, I have entrapped him. He hears me now, and trembles.

ABD. What? He is here? Where?

ZAIDE. Look! I have locked him in that chest, Abdallah.

ABD. Ha!

ZAIDE (*holding aloft the key*). Take now this key—and avenge your honor and mine!

(*With a cry of rage*, ABDALLAH *seizes the key, rushes to* L. 1.. *snatches the scimetar from the wall, and with a second cry which rises to a roar, springs toward the chest, bearing the key in one hand, and brandishing the scimetar with the other. Instantly* ZAIDE *springs before him, barring his way and answering his cry with a ringing peal of laughter.*)

ZAIDE (*hilariously and exultantly*). The chain! The chain! My chain! (*Stretching out her hands for it.*)

ABD. (*halting—wonderingly*). Woman! What mean you?

ZAIDE. Well—did you not take the key? And did you say—"Diadeste?"

ABD. (*casting down the key, and beating forehead*). Ah! Pig of an idiot, that I am! And there is no one there? (*Glancing toward chest. She responds with a smile, and a shrug*) Of course! Or you never would have told me. Ugh! (*Dashing down the scimetar*) Here! Take your accursed chain! (*Hurling it at her. She catches it, with a cry of joy*) And Jahannam take you!—and the wife of Rustem!—and the book! (*Kicking the book*) And the father of liars that wrote it!—But if ever again you cozen me, with one of your Scheherazade tales—(ZAIDE, *ignoring him, poses and pirouettes,* R., *lost in admiration of her chain.* ABD. *observing her, breaks off, explosively:*—) Bah! (*He rushes out,* L. 2, *calling as he goes, and after his exit*) Come!—dog of a goldsmith! Come—get your money! (ZAIDE, *running to door* L. 2., *inclines her head toward it, and stands, listening, till his voice dies away. A knocking is heard, from within chest.*)

ZAIDE (*turning her head*). Ah! You are there! (*Approaching the chest and bending over it she asks:*—) Well? You heard?

WISE MAN (*in chest—faintly*). Let me out! Quick! I am dying.

ZAIDE (*picking up key from floor, starts to unlock chest. Pauses, again bends over, and asks:*—) But you will add,

NOV 15 1909

perhaps, a chapter to the book? (*A deep groan is heard from the chest; then a louder and more desperate knocking. She turns the key and throws back the lid*) Allah be with you! (*Pirouetting* R., *she again becomes intent upon her chain. The* WISE MAN *rises up in the chest, haggard, and disheveled*)

WISE MAN. Oh! you—you——

ZAIDE (*not deigning to look toward him—posing, in admiration of her chain*). He has gone to the money-changer's, Effendi—but he will not be gone long.

WISE MAN (*stepping out of the chest, and picking up the book*). Yes! I will add a chapter to the book. And it shall be brief. It shall consist of these words:—Though the wiles of woman be numbered, and renumbered, be it remembered there is always one more. And what that may be, not even Solomon——

ZAIDE (*stringing the chain across her arms, and regarding it admiringly, interrupts—singing, and dancing—oblivious of the* WISE MAN). Nothing I know of the wisdom of men, or the Magi—(*The* WISE MAN *glancing from her to the book in his hand utters an ejaculation of disgust*) Dull to mine ears are the dronings of Hafiz and Hadji.—(*Casting a last glance upon the book, the* WISE MAN *lifts it above his head, dashes it to the floor, and rushes out*, L. 2. ZAIDE *continues to sing and dance—now with quickened movement and abandon.*)

Only a woman am I—and so love me, or leave me!
Allah is good.—There are birds in the garden of Na'im.

CURTAIN.

☞ SEND FOR A NEW DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE.

(*French's Standard Drama Continued from 2d page of Cover.*)

VOL. XLI.
321 The Pirate's Legacy
322 The Charcoal Burner
323 Adelgitha
324 Senor Valiente
325 Forest Rose
326 Duke's Daughter
327 Camilla's Husband
328 Pure Gold

VOL. XLII.
329 Ticket of Leave Man
330 Fool's Revenge
331 O'Neil the Great
332 Handy Andy
333 Pirate of the Isles
334 Fauchon
335 Little Barefoot
336 Wild Irish Girl

VOL. XLIII.
337 Pearl of Savoy
338 Dead Heart
339 Ten Nights in a Bar-room
340 Dumb Boy of Manchester
341 Belphegor the Mounteb'k
342 Cricket on the Hearth
343 Printer's Devil
344 Meg's Diversion

VOL. XLIV.
345 Drunkard's Doom
346 Chimney Corner
347 Fifteen Years of a Drunkard's
348 No Thoroughfare
349 Peep O' Day Life
350 Everybody's Friend
351 Gen. Grant
352 Kathleen Mavourneen

VOL. XLV.
353 Nick Whiffles
354 Fruits of the Wine Cup
355 Drunkard's Warning
356 Temperance Doctor
357 Aunt Dinah
358 Widow Freeheart
359 Fron Frou
360 Long Strike

VOL. XLVI.
361 Larcers
362 Lucille
363 Raadall's Thumb
364 Wicked World
365 Two Orphans
366 Colleen Bawn
367 'Twixt Axe and Crown
368 Lady Clancarthy

VOL. XLVII.
369 Saratoga
370 Never Too Late to Mend
371 Lily of France
372 Led Astray
373 Henry V
374 Unequal Match
375 May or Dolly's Delusion
376 Allatoona

VOL. XLVIII.
377 Enoch Arden
378 Under the Gas Light
379 Daniel Rochat
380 Caste
381 School
382 Home
383 David Garrick
384 Ours

VOL. XLIX.
385 Social Glass
386 Daniel Druce
387 Two Roses
388 Adrienne
389 The Bells
390 Uncle
391 Courtship
392 Not Such a Fool

VOL. L.
393 Fine Feathers
394 Prompter's Box
395 Iron Master
396 Engaged
397 Pygmalion & Galatea
398 Leah
399 Scrap of Paper
400 Lost in London

VOL. LI.
401 Octoroon
402 Confederate Spy
403 Mariner's Return
404 Ruined by Drink
405 Dreams
406 M. P.
407 War
408 Birth

VOL. LII.
409 Nightingale
410 Progress
411 Play
412 Midnight Charge
413 Confidential Clerk
414 Snowball
415 Our Regimen.
416 Married for Money
Hamlet in Three Acts
Guttle & Gulpit

FRENCH'S INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHTED EDITION OF THE WORKS OF THE BEST AUTHORS.

The following very successful plays have just been issued at **25** cents per copy.

A PAIR OF SPECTACLES. Comedy in 3 Acts by SYDNEY GRUNDY, author of "Sowing the Wind," &c. 8 male, 3 female characters.

A FOOL'S PARADISE. An original play in 3 Acts by SYDNEY GRUNDY, author of "Sowing the Wind," &c. 5 male, 4 female characters.

THE SILVER SHIELD. An original comedy in 3 Acts by SYDNEY GRUNDY, author of "Sowing the Wind," &c. 5 male, 3 female characters.

THE GLASS OF FASHION. An original comedy in 4 Acts by SYDNEY GRUNDY, author of "Sowing the Wind," &c. 5 male, 5 female characters.

THE BALLOON. Farcical comedy in 3 Acts by J. H. DARNLEY and MANVILLE FENN. 6 male, 4 female characters.

MISS CLEOPATRA. Farce in 3 Acts by ARTHUR SHIRLEY. 7 male, 3 female characters.

SIX PERSONS. Comedy Act by I. ZANGWILL. 1 male, 1 female character.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE. Comediettа in 1 Act by PERCY FENDALL. 1 male, 1 female character.

HIGHLAND LEGACY. Comedy in 1 Act by BRANDON THOMAS, author of "Charley's Aunt." 5 male, 2 female characters.

Contents of Catalogue which is sent Free.

Amateur Drama
Amateur Operas
Articles Needed by Amateurs
Art of Scene Painting
Baker's Reading Club
Beards, Whiskers, Mustaches, etc.
Bound Sets of Plays
Bulwer Lytton's Plays
Burlesque Dramas
Burnt Cork
Cabman's Story
Carnival of Authors
Charade Plays
Children's Plays
Comic Dramas for Male Characters only
Costume Books
Crape Hair
Cumberland Edition
Darley Dramas
Dramas for Boys
Drawing-room Monologues
Elocution, Reciters and Speakers
Ethiopian Dramas
Evening's Entertainment
Fairy and Home Plays
French's Costumes
French's Editions
French's Italian Operas
French's Parlor Comedies
French's Standard and Minor Drama
French's Standard and Minor Drama, bound
French's Scenes for Amateurs
Frobisher's Popular Recitals
Grand Army Dramas
Guide Books for Amateurs
Guide to Selecting Plays
Hints on Costumes
Home Plays for Ladies
Irish Plays
Irving's Plays
Juvenile Plays
Make-Up Book
Make-Up Box
Mock Trial
Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works
New Plays
New Recitation Books
Nigger Jokes and Stump Speeches
Parlor Magic
Parlor Pantomimes
Pieces of Pleasantry
Poems for Recitations
Plays for Male Characters only
Round Games
Scenery
Scriptural and Historical Dramas
Sensation Dramas
Serio-Comic Dramas
Shadow Pantomimes
Shakespeare's Plays for Amateurs
Shakespeare's Plays
Stanley's Dwarfs
Spirit Gum
Tableaux Vivants
Talma Actor's Art
Temperance Plays
Vocal Music of Shakespeare's Plays
Webster's Acting Edition
Wigs, etc.

(*French's Minor Drama Continued from 4th page of Cover.*)

VOL. XLI.
321 Adventures of a Lost Child
322 Lost Child [Letter
323 Court Cards
324 Cox and Box
325 Forty Winks
326 Wonderful Woman
327 Curious Case
328 Tweedleton's Tail Coat

VOL. XLII.
329 As Like as Two Peas
330 Presumptive Evidence
331 Happy Band
332 Pinafore
333 Mock Trial
334 My Uncle's Will
335 Happy Pair
336 My Turn Next

VOL. XLIII.
337 Sunset
338 For Half a Million
339 Cable Car
340 Early Bird
341 Alumni Play
342 Show of Hands
343 Barbara
344 Who's Who

VOL. XLIV.
345 Who's To Win Him
346 Which is Which
347 Cup of Tea
348 Sarah's Young Man
349 Hearts
350 In Honor Bound [Law
351 Freezing a Mother-in-
352 My Lord in Livery

COPY DEL. TO CAT. DIV.
NOV 24 1910

SAMUEL FRENCH, 26 West 22d St., New York City.

☞ New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue *Mailed Free* on Request.

FRENCH'S MINOR DRAMA.

Price 15 Cents each.—Bound Volumes $1.25.

VOL. I.

1 The Irish Attorney
2 Boots at the Swan
3 How to Pay the Rent
4 The Loan of a Lover
5 The Dead Shot
6 His Last Legs
7 The Invisible Prince
8 The Golden Farmer

VOL. II.

9 Pride of the Market
10 Used Up
11 The Irish Tutor
12 The Barrack Room
13 Luke the Laborer
14 Beauty and the Beast
15 St. Patrick's Eve
16 Captain of the Watch

VOL. III.

17 The Secret [pers
18 White Horse of the Pep-
19 The Jacobite
20 The Bottle
21 Box and Cox
22 Bamboozling
23 Widow's Victim
24 Robert Macaire

VOL. IV.

25 Secret Service
26 Omnibus
27 Irish Lion
28 Maid of Croissy
29 The Old Guard
30 Raising the Wind
31 Slasher and Crasher
32 Naval Engagements

VOL. V.

33 Cockneys in California
34 Who Speaks First
35 Bombastes Furioso
36 Macbeth Travestie
37 Irish Ambassador
38 Delicate Ground
39 The Weathercock [Gold
40 All that Glitters is Not

VOL. VI.

41 Grimshaw, Bagshaw and Bradshaw
42 Rough Diamond
43 Bloomer Costume
44 Two Bonnycastles
45 Born to Good Luck
46 Kiss in the Dark [jurer
47 'Twould Puzzle a Con-
48 Kill or Cure

VOL. VII.

49 Box and Cox Married and
50 St. Cupid [Settled
51 Go-to-bed Tom
52 The Lawyers
53 Jack Sheppard
54 The Toodles
55 The Mobcap
56 Ladies Beware

VOL. VIII.

57 Morning Call
58 Popping the Question
59 Deaf as a Post
60 New Footman
61 Pleasant Neighbor
62 Paddy the Piper
63 Brian O'Linn
64 Irish Assurance

VOL. IX.

65 Temptation
66 Paddy Carey
67 Two Gregories
68 King Charming
69 Po-ca-hon-tas
70 Clockmaker's Hat
71 Married Rake
72 Love and Murder

VOL. X.

73 Ireland and America
74 Pretty Piece of Business
75 Irish Broom-maker
76 To Paris and Back for Five Pounds
77 That Blessed Baby
78 Our Gal
79 Swiss Cottage
80 Young Widow

VOL. XI.

81 O'Flannigan and the Fal-
82 Irish Post [ries
83 My Neighbor's Wife
84 Irish Tiger
85 P. P., or Man and Tiger
86 To Oblige Benson
87 State Secrets
88 Irish Yankee

VOL. XII.

89 A Good Fellow
90 Cherry and Fair Star
91 Gale Breezely
92 Our Jemimy
93 Miller's Maid
94 Awkward Arrival
95 Crossing the Line
96 Conjugal Lesson

VOL. XIII.

97 My Wife's Mirror
98 Life in New York
99 Middy Ashore
100 Crown Prince
101 T o Queens
102 Thumping Legacy
103 Unfinished Gentleman
104 House Dog

VOL. XIV.

105 The Demon Lover
106 Matrimony
107 In and Out of Place
108 I Dine with My Mother
109 Hi-a-wa-tha
110 Andy Blake
111 Love in '76 [ties
112 Romance under Difficul-

VOL. XV.

113 One Coat for 2 Suits
114 A Decided Case
115 Daughter [no rity
116 No; or, the Glorious Mi-
117 Coroner's Inquisition
118 Love in Humble Life
119 Family Jars
120 Personation

VOL. XVI.

121 Children in the Wood
122 Winning a Husband
123 Day After the Fair
124 Make Your Wills
125 Rendezvous
126 My Wife's Husband
127 Monsieur Tonson
128 Illustrious Stranger

VOL. XVII.

129 Mischief-Making [Mi nes
130 A Live Woman in the
131 The Corsair
132 Shylock
133 Spoiled Child
134 Evil Eye
135 Nothing to Nurse
136 Wanted a Widow

VOL. XVIII.

137 Lottery Ticket
138 Fortune's Frolic
139 Is he Jealous?
140 Married Bachelor
141 Husband at Sight
142 Irishman in London
143 Animal Magnetism
144 Highways and By-Ways

VOL. XIX.

145 Columbus
146 Harlequin Blnebeard
147 Ladies at Home
148 Phenomenon in a Smock Frock
149 Comedy and Tragedy
150 Opposite Neighbors
151 Dutchman's Ghost
152 Persecuted Dutchman

VOL. XX.

153 Musard Ball
154 Great Tragic Revival
155 High Low Jack & Game
156 A Gentleman from Ire-
157 Tom and Jerry [land
158 Village Lawyer
159 Captain's not A-miss
160 Amateurs and Actors

VOL. XXI.

161 Promotion [ual
162 A Fascinating Individ-
163 Mrs. Caudle
164 Shakespeare's Dream
165 Neptune's Defeat
166 Lady of Bedchamber
167 Take Care of Little
168 Irish Widow [Charley

VOL. XXII.

169 Yankee Peddler
170 Hiram Hixcord
171 Double-Bedded Room
172 The Drama Defended
173 Vermont Wool Dealer
174 Ebenezer Venture [ter
175 Principles from Charac-
176 Lady of the Lake (Trav)

VOL. XXIII.

177 Mad Dogs
178 Barney the Baron
179 Swiss Swains
180 Bachelor's Bedroom
181 A Roland for an Oliver
182 More Blunders than One
183 Dumb Belle
184 Limerick Boy

VOL. XXIV.

185 Nature and Philosophy
186 Teddy the Tiler
187 Spectre Bridegroom
188 Matteo Falcone
189 Jenny Lind
190 Two Buzzards
191 Happy Man
192 Betsy Baker

VOL. XXV.

193 No. 1 Round the Corner
194 Teddy Roe
195 Object of Interest
196 My Fellow Clerk
197 Bengal Tiger
198 Laughing Hyena
199 The Victor Vanquished
200 Our Wife

VOL. XXVI.

201 My Husband's Mirror
202 Yankee Land
203 Norah Creina
204 Good for Nothing
205 The First Night
206 The Eton Boy
207 Wandering Minstrel
208 Wanted, 1,000 Milliners

VOL. XXVII.

209 Poor Pilcoddy
210 The Mummy [Glasses
211 Don't Forget your Opera
212 Love in Livery
213 Anthony and Cleopatra
214 Trying It On
215 Stage Struck Yankee
216 Young Wife & Old Umbrella

VOL. XXVIII.

217 Crinoline
218 A Family Failing
219 Adopted Child
220 Turned Heads
221 A Match in the Dark
222 Advice to Husbands
223 Siamese Twins
224 Sent to the Tower

VOL. XXIX.

225 Somebody Else
226 Ladies' Battle
227 Art of Acting
228 The Lady of the Lions
229 The Rights of Man
230 My Husband's Ghost
231 Two Can Play at that Game
232 Fighting by Proxy

VOL. XXX.

233 Unprotected Female
234 Pet of the Petticoats
235 Forty and Fifty [book
236 Who Stole the Pocket-
237 My Son Diana [sion
238 Unwarrantable Intru-
239 Mr. and Mrs. White
240 A Quiet Family

VOL. XXXI.

241 Cool as Cucumber
242 Sudden Thoughts
243 Jumbo Jum
244 A Blighted Being
245 Little Toddlekins
246 A Lover by Proxy [Pall
247 Maid with the Milking
248 Perplexing Predicament

VOL. XXXII.

249 Dr. Dilworth
250 Out to Nurse
251 A Lucky Hit
252 The Dowager
253 Metamora (Burlesque)
254 Dreams of Delusion
255 The Shaker Lovers
256 Ticklish Times

VOL. XXXIII.

257 20 Minutes with a Tiger
258 Miralda; or, the Justice of Tacon
259 A Soldier's Courtship
260 Servants by Legacy
261 Dying for Love
262 Alarming Sacrifice
263 Valet de Sham
264 Nicholas Nickleby

VOL. XXXIV.

265 The Last of the Pigtails
266 King Rene's Daughter
267 The Grotto Nymph
268 A Devilish Good Joke
269 A Twice Told Tale
270 Pas de Fascination
271 Revolutionary Soldier
272 A Man Without a Head

VOL. XXXV.

273 The Olio, Part 1
274 The Olio, Part 2
275 The Olio, Part 3 [ter
276 The Trumpeter's Daugh-
277 Seeing Warren
278 Green Mountain Boy
279 That Nose
280 Tom Noddy's Secret

VOL. XXXVI.

281 Shocking Events
282 A Regular Fix
283 Dick Turpin
284 Young Scamp
285 Young Actress
286 Call at No. 1—7
287 One Touch of Nature
288 Two B'hoys

VOL. XXXVII.

289 All the World's a Stage
290 Quash, or Nigger Prac-
291 Turn Him Out [tice
292 Pretty Girls of Stillberg
293 Angel of the Attic
294 Circumstances alter Cases
295 Katty O'Sheal
296 A Supper in Dixie

VOL. XXXVIII.

297 Ici on Parle Francais
298 Who Killed Cock Robin
299 Declaration of Independ-
300 Heads or Tails [ence
301 Obstinate Family
302 My Aunt
303 That Rascal Pat
304 Don Paddy de Bazan

VOL. XXXIX.

305 Too Much for Good Na-[ture
306 Cure for the Fidgets
307 Jack's the Lad
308 Much Ado About Nothing
309 Artful Dodger
310 Winning Hazard
311 Dying Fishing [&c.
312 Did you ever send your,

VOL. XL.

313 An Irishman's Maneuver
314 Cousin Fannie
315 'Tis the Darkest Hour be-
316 Masquerade [fore Dawn
317 Crowding the Season
318 Good Night's Rest
319 Man with the Carpet Bag
320 Terrible Tinker

(French's Minor Drama Continued on 3d page of Cover.)

SAMUEL FRENCH 20 West 22d Street, New York City.
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 018 604 284 0